THE
FREE LANCE

a magazine of
poetry and prose

U. of ILL. LIBRARY
AUG 10 1970
CHICAGO CIRCLE

featuring

Simon Memorial

vol. 13 1969
DOUBLE ISSUE

Go Way From My Window
Cockles And Mussels
Andante di
p
In Dub-lin's fair
p sempre
ere the girls are so
Go 'way from my

THE FREE LANCE

A MAGAZINE OF POETRY AND PROSE

founded 1950

Volume Thirteen Numbers One and Two

DOUBLE ISSUE
1969

One Dollar

Co-Editors

Russell Atkins Casper L. Jordan

Subscription rates: 1.00 per copy
Two dollars per year

Manuscripts, accompanied by return postage should be addressed to 6005 Grand Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44104

Published in the USA
by the Free Lance Press

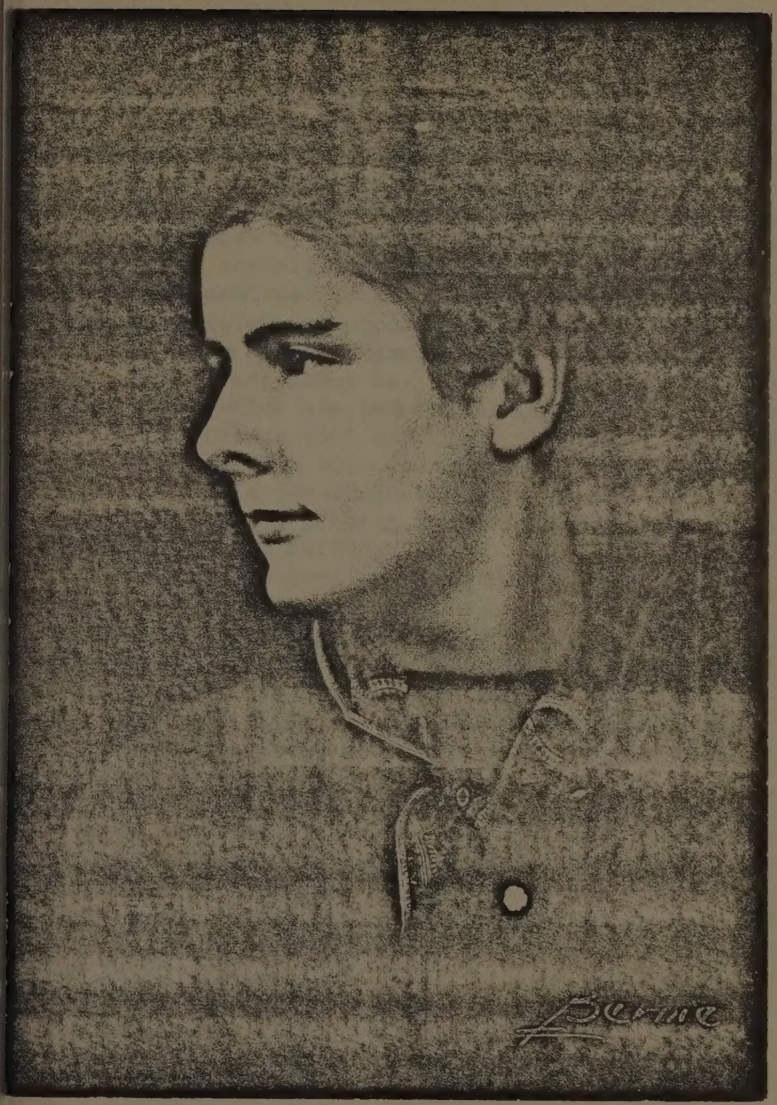
Copyright © 1970

FREE LANCE...a magazine of poetry and prose # Vol. 13 - Numbers 1&2 1969

A Double Issue

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
Copyright © 1970

Manufactured in the United States of America by Free Lance Press
6003 Grand Avenue-Cleveland--Ohio



Adelaide Simon

F o r

A d e l a i d e

S i m o n

by

Russell Atkins

The spirit of Adelaide Simon seemed so remote from that which is dead that it is inconceivable that death could have presented itself to her at the early age of forty-six. If there is a feeling of "mortality" after forty, Adelaide herself remained the breathing, living optimism of previous, fresher years: these become merely nostalgia without such living embodiment. She was in contrast to all that was over-seriously pompous, trivial, uncooperative or biased. She had, nevertheless, a full understanding of the world. There was always about her the funded content of past experiences which she had transformed into a resolute pursuit of things that exorcised unkindness or spite. She had a generous word for those who were ungenerous; a gentle rebuke for those who were violent and she kept a continuous probing for comprehension of those who comprehended nothing.

Adelaide was born on March twenty-ninth, nineteen-twenty-one in a southside hospital in Chicago. She became the charge of childless Mr. and Mrs. Shrader of Astor Street. They received her at the hospital from Miss Doyle, the child's real mother. Out of a complexity of obligations, they made such arrangements as were necessary for adoption proceedings and departed with the baby.

There is no reason to suppose that they had not classed adoption with other matters quite perfunctorily and there is some reason to suspect that routine matters were not regarded in any way as secondary to a brand new, living baby. It can be taken as a certainty that Adelaide Mary Doyle - to give her true Christian and Irish surname - was to be treated a bit differently from first to last. The point, perhaps, is that the foster parents could not be affectionate (not about children) or elated or concerned about much beyond their personal interests or ambitious desires. There were many justified distractions too: the

business of investment banking, legal problems, the stock market; there was always insecurity in relation to prestige. The parents had a down-to-earth preoccupation with prestige. They went after it as if you could hold it in your hands, put a signature on it - make it negotiable. Even this may conceivably be done in some ways, but it means gearing everything, every thought, every act to the achievement of social prominence.

In the transition from an abject hospital to the comfortable Astor Street apartment, Adelaide Mary Doyle became Adelaide Virginia Shrader. The adoption was the kind of bad "good" fortune that doesn't resolve satisfactorily, for it continues to juxtapose events in a precarious set of probabilities and paradoxa.

Such "good" fortune began in earnest when the family moved to an estate in Deerfield, Illinois. Everything was a nuisance to Mrs. Shrader, Adelaide's mother. She was abrupt, occasionally spiteful: "...our little eavesdropper. Shut the door," she once remarked to Dad, knowing that Adelaide was nearby and could not help but hear them talking. It was a deliberate use of false accusation that developed into a mania. Adelaide would manage to weather the storms of her mother's anxiety, insecurity wrong-headedness - the source of Adelaide's good patience and a refusal to allow her composure to be wrecked when there were crises in later years.

There were other times when the severity of her foster mother did not assert itself. It was then that she got a glimpse of a woman preoccupied with the colors, health and arrangement of the gardens around the place. She remembered that Mrs. Shrader had summoned her once, thrust a bunch of flustered looking gladiolas into her

arms and said, "Hold these up. Not too tight now." Dad came out and joined them. He loved flowers. Everything seemd relaxed and pleased between the three of them. Though adelaide's affections were very much up in the air about her parents, she'd noticed this: flowers, especially roses, were go-betweens when she and her mother started gardening.

She sat with Dad when they went horseback riding through the small woodlets near the estate. Horseback riding was Mrs. Shrader's pet pleasure apart from the hectic "pleasures" of social climbing.

Peaceful family outings - when they remained peaceful - were not the most commonplace events. The parents overscrutinized her.

One of her earliest scraps of writing was "My Trip Abroad":

> I was very excited when I woke up this morning. I was going to get off the boat today. I was soon up and dressed when Mother and Father were up and dressed. We went down to the baggage room and got on the tender. A tender is like a ferry boat. When we got on land we were in - Gibraltar. We went on to our hotel which was in Algeciras.

and again:

> Today we went shopping and Daddy bought four Spanish shawls and he bought me a little Spanish doll. Then we took a ride in the country.

and later

> This morning Mother and I went to the beach and then Daddy stayed with me. In the afternoon a girl took me to the beach again. Then Mother and Father and I took a cabbie ride.

"My Trip Abroad" mentioned the journey to Seville; how they drove to Carmona: it described the visit to the bullfights and a visit to the Prado Museum in Madrid - their stop at Carcassone. Marseilles and lunch at Beiesand. Nice and the Louvre were visited next to last and from Versailles they returned to Chicago.

There's little doubt that Adelaide's foster mother encouraged her in the arts - writing, languages, dancing - almost to the point of display - a prodigy among their assets? It was equally doubtless that Adelaide had no such single purpose in the back of her mind as that of merely pleasing her mother. No, her writing was the beginning of a compensatory resistance to those times when she had misgivings about security and love.

Chicago Latin was a private elementary school for girls from well-to-do families. Adelaide had found it much to her liking. She was a quick student and the traces of that good-natured feeling for people, for being in the world was nurtured there. She felt exonerated when free from the fretfulness of a home that did not exemplify much in the way of the "good-natured"- a mood emanating from her [redacted] mother: When tired of fluctuating between social gatherings, social ambitions, and moments of-tranquility in the garden, Mrs. Shrader's attitude toward everything - except Dad - grew irritable. This irritability subsided taking the form of plans for another excursion to some restricted "solidly Protestant" resort. Adelaide could be withdrawn from Chicago Latin for a few weeks - months if need be. She

would miss her studies. That could not be helped, Mrs. Shrader felt. Travel preparations began.

This initially modest trip would up aboard the Europa bound for Hamburg on May 19, 1931. Adelaide described the journey in "My Trip to Europe":

May 25, 1931
Today we got off the boat after a week of ping pong, bullion, movies, and plenty of food. Sunday was Daddy's birthday. We stayed all night in Hamburg.

May 26
There is abig zoo in Hamburg. All the animals were in their native surroundings...we went to a very old rate wienkeller for lunch. That night we left for Copenhagen.

May 27
We had our breakfast, and Daddy and I went to the Thorvaldsen Museum. In the afternoon we took a trip to the Carlesberg brewery.

May 28
We took a tour along the Danish Riviera. We went to Kronsberg alot (castle) whish is supposed to be where Hamlet lived...Then we saw the battlements where Hamlet saw his father s ghost. We saw Hamlet's grave too. It had a picture of a lion and a serpent on one side and a unicorn on the other...left for Stockholm at 7:00.

May 29
We arrived in Stockholm at 9:00 and drove to the Grand Hotel for our breakfast. Then we hired a car and drove to Drottingholm castle....we went to the adjoining museum. This museum was originally an opera house, but was made into a museum...

May 30-31
A long drive from Stockholm to Karlstad...lunch at Vasteras, stretching at Christianhallm, we finally reached Karlstad.

June 1
Leaving Karlstad at 9:00 we drove to Serverast. There we had our lunch and drove to Oslo.

June 2
We took the train for Bergen today... You cross the mountain on this trip. First you go through great pine and birch forests, then some little brooks and waterfalls. Finally, we reached the top. It began to snow and we saw a sheep drop from where we were riding to the valley below of five hundred feet. We...arrived at Finse. Finse is where they do all the skiing.

June 3
This morning we took a trip up Mt. Floriem. We also went to a sardine factory...mother bought me a Norwegian costume. Then we went to the Hanseatic Museum. It is the only building left of twenty-five that were destroyed by afire. It was originally used for the barter of the fisherman and merchants. Before the fisherman are called upon to trade they are given a drink. A small jug is used for this with little pegs on the inside toshow how much each man should have...they burnt codliver oil for light.

June 4
We took a train for New Castle-upon-Tyne and then took a train to Edinburgh, Scotland...(the engines in Scotland are bright green). After supper we took a walk around the Scot monument...Near the monument is a statue of David Livingston and further on a clock made altogether of flowers...

June 6
Today we went through the Trossachs...supposed to be the most beatiful place in all Scotland. At 9:17 we took the train to Aberfoyle where we had our lunch. Then we took a bus to Loch Katrine wh re the real Trossachs begin...took a steamer up Loch Katrine where the famous Sir Walter Scott wrote the "Lady of the Lake." It was rainy though and we couldn't Ellen's Isle very plain. When we reached Stronnachlacher an open coach was waiting for us, but we took a funny little closed on to Inversnaid. On the way we passed many

Scotch bluebells. We also passed the cave of the famous Rob Roy. Reaching Inversnaid, we took a steamer to Balloch Pier and from ther a train to...Glasgow.

June 7-8
Sunday in Glasgow...train at 11:A.M.
Adelaide once wrote:

> My father was a bond salesman of the type so despised by Edgar Lee Masters...a business executive and financier subject to the morality of the pit....

That "morality" evidently catapulted the Shraders out of one well-to-do "pit" into one of considerable wealth. She heard Mrs. Shrader tell friends that the family would be moving to Winnetka, Illinois.

New Trier High School in Winnetka - even in the late thirties - was exclusively up-to-date in facilities and in a curriculum leading straight into the best colleges and universities in the country. There was no reason why Adelaide could not head non-stop for Vassar and possibly (even though it was too early to think of such things) wind up betrothed to the son of a prosperous family. On second thought, it was never too early to think of these things, Mrs. Shrader decided.

"I was exposed to a large share of poetry at Chicago Latin," Adelaide wrote.

Fragments of her writings refer to Donne, Blake, Longfellow, Swinburne to name but a few. But at New Trier High School she was no longer the child dreaming poetry, the girl who wondered hourly around the place in Deerfield reading Byron and Shelley. Now something more active had come

to pass - a real necessity for delineating and holding a sense of identity. Her parents began to seem curiously remote. Poetry became the formulating principle for values, not so much in what was written, but rather in the act of making a place for it against the values of the Shraders. It was becoming an annoyance to her mother, and all encouragement ceased from that direction. A serious interest in writing? A far cry from any kind of prestige, profit or anything the Shraders could conceive of!

One disagreeable incident involved the high school poetry contest. When it was discovered by the foster parents that the prize had been won the year before by a boy whose folks were scarcely well-to-do (and not much concerned about it) Adelaide was sternly admonished against wasting her time.

However, it would become a dominant feature of Adelaide's character to rebel on behalf of a right to enjoy things for their intrinsic worth without having ulterior or hidden motives.

Adelaide did not develop in her parents' image nor had there ever been the slightest possibility of her doing so. She continued to be mystified somewhat by a persistent diagonal of feeling between her father and her well-being: something that did not exist between her and her mother. Her mother's tendency toward suspicion, false accusations, continuous agitation about prestigious responsibilities became the sum of all that symbolized distraction from and indifference to the personality welling up from a natal source. As these matters strained through childhood into

adolescence, their properties were distilled. There remained only a gentle straightforwardness - something quite apart from both mother and dad.

"Straightforwardness" was a serious break with the parents spiritually: when the burden of social-climbing seemd to involve her and she grew rebellious, they called that ingratitude - she appeared to be losing a special interest in the curriculum that could lead to Vassar - this was disastrous!

"Time to take stock here," her mother exclaimed.

"You've let us down," Dad said.

They somewhat overdramatized her refusal to pursue a scholarship to Vassar. They made a lifetime "failure" of it. Gloom and reproach settled over the household. After a particularly quarrelsome encounter, Adelaide matriculated at Frances Schimer Junior College for girls.

But the general dissatisfaction continued: the parents grumbled about her future: nor was Adelaide possessed of a feeling of free choice. She felt that a context of snobbery had placed her at predominantly Episcopalian Frances Schimer College in the first place. It was up to her to effect a compromise and this she tried to do. She had sung in the choir at a Presbyterian church. Her voice was a pretty one, clean and delicate. She returned home, and - very likely in the spirit of compromise - informed her parents that she would withdraw from Frances Schimer Junior College, go to New York - enter the Juilliard School of Music

as a voice major. Mrs. Shrader was annoyed and began to make plans for another excursion. Adelaide believed that paying her tuition to Juilliard was a better idea and said so. Finally, the Shraders consented to foot the Juilliard bill and Adelaide prepared to leave for New York. She could envision the development of a healthy perspective in New York: the art world was there, the literary world, the world of concerts, opera - everything seemd opened to her. She quickly established for herself the resolute purpose of transforming past experiences into a free, fresh, uncomplicated view of the world.

1939. Adelaide entered the Juilliard School of Music and became a voice major under Mme. Belle Soudant.

But wrangling with her stepparents about money - fees for activities on campus, accompanists, even tuition - reached a new low. She would write to them without reference to money and they would send it to infer that they felt she was thinking only of their money: she would ask honestly for it in need and they would refuse it.

Up until this time, the Shraders had managed to present themselves to Adelaide as her true parents. Determined now that she fully comprehend their desire for her abject gratitude and submission, they chose one holiday when she was home from school to level their big guns on the matter of a boyfriend:

"We're concerned even though you are not of our flesh and blood. Adopted, yes, but nevertheless of good stock...."

Having kept a secret securely only to reveal it now in a spirit of coercion proved to be too sudden a dissolution. Adelaide experienced a shock of estrangement from which she never recovered.

This would seem to have left matters in an irreparable state, all bridges burned down for good - or bad, if you will. Her estrangement from the Shraders had reached a maximum. She felt somewhat guilty at first. Suddenly it ceased to matter - indeed, the whole idea of Juilliard seemed to be aberrant. She continued to be fond of piano, but her vocal abilities were not improving. Mme. Soudant was discouraged. Music theory, harmony were not Adelaide's metier. Literature had been her first passion and now she found herself deeply burrowed in the works of Nietzche whose writings helped emancipate her from the concept of responsibility toward parents -- any account - ability to them for her future actions! She studied Thomas Paine. She found herself assessing her own intellectual stance and discovering that hers was the humanist's view of almost everything.

Adelaide suddenly made an about-face: she sought Mme. Soudant's frank opinion of her singing prospects, herad her own fears confirmed and sent this word home to Winnetka. Without waiting for response from that quarter, she withdrew from Juilliard in 1941 and gave herself over to a preponderant study of literature. The significant facts of this period of her life are as follows:

she had studied voice for three years under Mme. Soudant at Juilliard; she went to work briefly as a copy girl for the Daily News; this was followed by her taking a job as restaurant editor for Cue Magazine.

For a while, Adelaide became preoccupied with menus, the tasting of foods. She mentioned that in one day she had sampled stuffed Cornish hen served in flaming liquors, baked Alaska, steak smouldering in Chinese vegetables, ham sweetened in tomato sauce, and rice wine! Her special tastes ran to French, Chinese and German dishes.

Chinatown. 22 Mott Street. Adelaide had suggested eating there. Friends - former fellow students from Juilliard - had joined her to taste the restaurant famous Won Ton soup.

"This is Martin Simon," her former Juilliard roommate said. "He's from Houston - the Symphony there."

Adelaide - now in her early twenties, with deep brown hair, a modest blend of aquilinity and softness in her face - turned to look squarely at the cellist from Houston, Texas. She smiled, shook his hand and introduced him to her friend, Charles.

The idea of a musician appealed to her - a lonely German cellist having made his way across Europe during the Nazi upheaval.

She invited Martin to supper the next night. Vichyssoise? Beef stroganoff? She decided on shrimp creole, her specialty.

It was a disappointment to her to find out that Martin was leaving New York for the Kansas City Symphony. It spoiled the new enthusiasm that she had felt abruptly. They did promise - amongst

disappointed goodbyes - to be pen pals, to keep in touch with eachother. Contrary to what each had expected, they wrote generously to one another. Much of what is described as "courtship" was, in this case, embodied in paper and postage.

Draft boards, too, were corresponding, and among the notes and letters from Adelaide were papers from New York's Selective Service. Martin was drafted.

He returned to New York, visited Adelaide again and then left for Camp Croft, an infantry training center in South Carolina

The Southern pulled into Hattiesburg, Mississippi station. Army uniforms were everywhere - soldiers getting on and off trains. Adelaide found her way onto the platform and looked for Martin. Many crucial thoughts went through her mind. A letter from Martin had struck down New York's loneliness: she had read it several times there and on the train. He'd described the conditions in Hattiesburg and asked her to meet him. She had quite made up her mind about her capacity to deal with reality. In fact, she welcomed the notion of a certain hard honesty and truth in the future as a foundation for a life of her own making. (She had experienced the making of foundations for her by others.) She admired Martin's tolerance and simplicity of outlook - his refusal to be drawn into unnecessary complications.

Now she was in Hattiesburg. The wartime scuffle was at high pitch. Storage space had

been converted to military purposes. Living quarters for the families of men in the Armed Forces were crowded dirty.

Adelaide began to suspect that hardship and reality do not deal too mercifully with those who have been fortunate enough to escape them in their direst forms. She had been exposed to upper class material values. They had helped to make her sophisticated of mind, sensitive. She could not be inconsiderate, yet she possessed a resrved, prompt bravery. It could save the day and very often did so.

They looked for rooms close by Camp Shelby. After hours of searching they found an out-of-the-way hotel.

Against the background of the compound with its Quonset barracks, mess halls, day-to-day training manuevers, Adelaide Mary Doyle - who had been Adelaide Virginia Shrader - became Mrs. Martin Simon. The Army Regimental Chaplain met them at Army Post Chapel No. 7 and pronounced them man and wife in a brief ceremony. Adelaide would have been the last to complain about the extemporaneousness. Once she entered into a situation it was with her whole being. Things would always better themselves, she believed.

It was July 24th 1943.

The army began moving men through training camps fast. Camp-following for the families of servicemen became a succession of inconveniences bordering on squalor. Daily living demanded the best that Adelaide had in courage. Then, one day, Martin was moved to Camp Richie, Maryland, a Military Intelligence Center.

When it appeared imminent that he would be leaving for embarkation, Adelaide decided to leave Waynesborough, Pennsylvania, where she had taken up lodging; and return to New York She preferred other surroundings for the birth of their baby.

There was not much else to do in New York except to wait and bear up under the apprehensions of war. Martin would be somewhere overseas. Adelaide developed her habit of haunting the book-stores, libraries and art galleries as she had done during her J. Milliard days. She revitalized neglected acquaintances and made new friends on Hudson Street in Greenwich Village. She had known some close friends of Hemingway. She visited the Torgoffs and was, even then, contemplating the writing of a book about Hart Crane whose poetry she admired above all other poetry.

Her omnivorous reading ran to ten books a week. She could retain most of what she had read. Her mind was amazingly stocked - filled with the names of authors and with anecdotes about bizarre historical figures. Her critical acumen proved direct, fresh: if a famous poem struck her as having been overpraised, she said as much. Her remarks seldom bore the tome of anything but the cautious use of a fine personal judgment. She had confidence in that judgment. Still, if it turned out to be mistaken - which was not often - she was delighted to be able to clear up the matter. Her critical approach was not a negative one.

Her first child, Cecily, was born May 3rd 1945. Adelaide settled back awaiting Martin's return. His troopship back to the states docked in January 1946.

They lived on Perry Street now, just around the corner from Hudson. Everybody was fee in one way or another: Adelaide was free of the past; Martin was free of the army, and the child had come into what has been called the "free world."

She was not a restless person by nature: Adelaide could be quite content - a slow, deliberateness in her gestures and movements. Nonetheless, her circumstances were always agitated. Her childhood had been spent in a tempest of travels from one resort to another here and abroad; next came New York Juillard;South Carolina next; then marriage in Mississippi - off to Maryland and Pennsylvania, then back to New York.

Now, almost immediately, Martin resumed his musical career. Adelaide found herself - in quick succession - in New Orleans, then in Pittsburgh where Martin played under Fritz Reiner, and then in Indianapolis for a performance of Aida and finally, back to New York for his audition with George Szell of the Cleveland Orchestra. Her circumstances seemed a bit fate-driven - hurried together.

When Martin's job with the Cleveland Orchestra was definite, Adelaide was enthusiastic. Cleveland was the home of Hart Crane and this, for her, was one of the attractions of the place. She could begin work on a detailed biography of Crane and have the facts first hand. It would be the biography that would mark much of her life to be lived out in Cleveland.

Cleveland generates a largely deceptive air of residential placidity - no question of its appeal to newcomers with families. Adelaide regarded it as a spot to quiet down in, to "hide in and raise children." She needed a haven for the restful and maternal sider of her being while she organized her book. But post-war Cleveland's "placidity" was, in truth, the re-establishment of a diehard, conservative insulation - a capacity to hold firm about traditional things against great odds. Such attitudes conspired to make Adelaide seem unusually non-conformist against a Cleveland backdrop. She turned her empathic feelings outward toward everyone. This was natural for her - it seemed non-conformist to others. A rare moment of melancholy occasionally stemmed from her sensitivity to the common welfare, man's common fate - Byron's "one the more to baffled millions which have gone before." Such catholicity leads bigots to decry it as a willful refusal to discriminate, which, in turn leads to "non-conformity" which may lead to "anarchy," etc. At any rate, the Simons had to move from Hough's Lamont Avenye to 76th and Saint Clair; from Bratenahl back to the rear of an old Baptist church in the Metropolitan Housing Project - plumb in the middle of the black community.

The Metropolitan Housing Project. Prefab cardboard boxes. Oil stove. Two bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen, second-hand furniture - all far removed from the old Persian rugs and

and European antiques of Adelaide's childhood. These cottages were the post-war housing in Cleveland for those who had few friends or relatives here; for those whith no immediate source for large down payments upon a home, and for ex-servicemen with mustering out pay. Mainly, it was for migrant steel worker from the South.

Adelaide's outward repose did not represent her expenditure of energy. She seemed the last person to call upon to impress hardheaded bureaucrats and politicians. But her effectiveness dwelt in her insistence upon honest appraisal. She could be a gadfly at the right moment, "Why do you say that?" she'd ask, or "But don't you think that such and such a course would be best?" A respectful insistence that disarmed. Why not have a nursery? Why not a playgro for kids (who were then playing in the street and nea speeding cars). Why not a flower or a bush or grass thereabout? Adelaide was asking on behalf of herself and her family and would have been quick to say so.

Storm-trooping police blundered about the housi settlement and without sufficient provocation shot down a member of the black community during a fracas The prefab houses were unsafe. Overheated oil stove exploded. Demoralizing flames flew up over the shak habitations almost weekly. Adelaide concluded that politics had to be one of the chief rotten causes behind this. Her humanistic views became decidedly socialistic. She affiliated herself with that brand of politics opposed to a reaffirmation of all the old bias and hypocrisy that the war was supposed to have been fought to abolish.

Threatened with eviction, she demonstrated that once her sense of fairplay was challenged she was a serious fighter. She organized one of the earliest Community Action groups in that vicinity; staged a "walk-in" on the offices of the Housing Director and precipitated a year-long battle with politicians. When Henry Wallace ran on the Progressive Party ticket in 1948, Adelaide insisted that the injustices that she and Martin had witnessed made it imperative that they participate in a vigorous campaigr for Henry Wallace's election - a political cause against impossible odds and one that was characteristic of Adelaide.

On February 4, 1948, Adelaide's second child, Celeste, was born. Changes would have to be made! Also, "dissidents" were being evicted every day as punishment for complaints against social wrongs. That it would be necessary to move for one reason or another was a foregone conclusion. When eviction did come close, the Simon's luckily found a plot for a small, inexpensive ranch-style prefab on Milverton Road.

They could begin to build.

FREE LANCE

1

Adelaide had moved to Milverton Road, but she still attended a playwriting club which met at a Neighborhood Center in the inner-city.

Actually, she hadn't changed her day-to-day living habits from those she'd cultivated in the Metropolitan Housing Project. There was no display of sophistication about Adelaide. Hers was a rare mixture of refined thought and a pure heart.

On this occasion she wore a dark overcoat and a somewhat cone-shaped hat, all of which gave her a lively, tousled look with a youthful volatility about her hair. Here, at the playwriting club, she met one of Free Lance's editors. She was delighted to hear that there was a "little magazine" coming out of Cleveland. He explained that Langston Hughes, Carl Van Vechten, Arna Bontemps, Parker Tyler and Marianne Moore had been corresponding with him and that the magazine's editors had been published. Adelaide was glad to find a serious venture in literary writing under way.

The Free Lance Club had, indeed, had a long struggle. Mrs. Helen Collins, librarian; R. Atkins, poet and composer; Casper Jordan, teacher had managed to keep the organization viable until the magazine was founded in 1950 (the Free Lance Club began in 1942). In 1950 a charter member of the group suggested starting a "little magazine" and brought the project together. The first issue was distributed mainly in Cleveland. The 1952 issue was the first one circulated outside of Cleveland.

Now, a cold night after the day's warm snow. Adelaide's old Pontiac rattled home toward Milverton Road after the meeting of the playwriting club was over. She had given Free Lance her name and address. She hoped to visit the editorial board sessions of the magazine. Meanwhile, she would revise her notes on Hart Crane. Perhaps they could be published in Free Lance.

Free Lance was in need of dedicated writers determined to keep the publication going - at least another year. Adelaide had a steady, dependable enthusiasm which she brought to the first editorial meeting that she attended, March 20, 1953. She arrived at Bea's wearing black, velour pants and a chiffon-like blouse. One or two diehard ladies held aloof. Others liked her instantly.

Fundamentally, this meeting was designed to adopt new policies - a confrontation of the 'avant-garde' and conservatives. Adelaide's appearance at the meeting did not reassure the conservative ones who were, and had been, suspcious of the 'avant-garde' direction that the editorial board had begun. The 'avant-garde' board was not compatible with the remaining Kipling zealots and the Paul Lawrence Dunbars, the Tennysonians. There was a break up - or break down: a member who wore a head bandanna when she recited her poem, "Watermelons," offered her resignation; an Italian fellow, who wrote dull sonnets, found Adelaide disturbing to his "erudition": she knew German and French and he knew only Latin; a minister, whose poems began and ended with James Weldon Johnson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, would not associate with "atheists": another member died. The 'avant garde' board was, now, more or less, in charge of Free Lance: Casper Jordan, Editor-in-Chief; Helen Collins, R. Atkins and Adelaide Simon, co-editors.

So began a most congenial and fruitful round of friendships.

There was one casualty: The Free Lance Workshop.

BOOKS . . .

A NAME IN AFRICA

Petrus Borel the Lycanthrope, his Life and Times, by Enid Starkie. (New Directions, 1955) $5.00.

The effigy of 'Romanticism' has been slammed as flat as a dead beaver on the New Jersey Turnpike, but with revelations as true as those presented by Miss Starkie, we can hope for a return of interest in the real Romantic ideal. Various reappraisals of Kleist, Holderin, and Novalis are appearing at Yale, and in the series which includes Miss Starkie's masterful sketch of Gide. Increasing attention to these and other early writers of the movement should reveal that the old 'pro-(supposedly)Classic' steamroller is puffing its last puffs. And its ultimate collapse may still lead to the rescue of a Muse now cowering behind University turrets.

Miss Starkie writes with wit, scholarship, verve, and compassion. With so little informaion on French poetry available here (some depraved miscreant has stolen the library's one copy of Lautreamont) we can only clamor insatiably for more. Monographs on Corbiere, Lautreamont, Laforgue, and Apollinaire are promised in the author's introduction. If only we could learn more about de Nerval (translator of Faust and idol of the surrealists) and D'Aurevilly (revered by Huysman, and perhaps a granddaddy to Gide and Camus) than appears in the present work. And treated to a book where the scholarship is so patiently and so lovingly accomplished, we still might wish that all the French quotations were translated, that even more of Borel's poetry were included, with perhaps a chronology for good measure.

The precise delight that comes from reading this type of critical biography I remember only in connection with Cameron's *The Young Shelley*, or Hotson on Marlowe. If all our scholars could aspire to this kind of assurance and excitement, or our writers could hold to this level of scholarship, we could dispense with a host of mishmash popularizers like Maurois and Feuchtwanger. When Miss Starkie tells us, 'We know little of Petrus Borel's family life, and nothing of his emotional life,' her patient reconstruction becomes remarkable.

In Borel's major work, *Champavert* (subtitled *Immoral*

Tales) he writes of one hero, described as a sort of Negro Robin Hood, thusly :

> ' Jack was one of those strong characters, one of those powerful brains, born to rule, who unable to breathe in the narrow cage in which fate has placed them, in that society which wants to bend and shrink everything to its own mean size, break forever men whom they loathe, if they do not break with life itself. Three-Fingered Jack was a lycanthrope.'

And in the title story he exclaims ' In Paris there are two lairs, one of thieves and one of murderers ; that of the thieves is the Stock Exchange, that of the murderers is the Court of Law (Palais de Justice).* In introduction to his poems (*Rhapsodes* — 1832), he declared, ' I am a republican in the way a lynx might be. My republicanism is lycanthropy.' And in his magazine, *Liberty* (1832), where Delacroix wrote on painting, he trumpeted, ' Death to the Academy ! Death to the Schools ! Death to the University ! . . . We young men hope for better things.' Needless to say, the work of Borel and his friends was not hailed by officialdom of Sainte-Beuve and Beranger. And that Boheme which had come into being as a protest against the rising materialism of the middle class turned from a fortress into a prison.

The poet is pictured on the dust jacket and frontispiece of the book dressed in the elaborate clothes of the dandy, as he appeared in his heyday amid the gilded youth of Paris. His right hand rests on the head of his beloved spaniel, whom he was later forced to destroy when no longer able to feed him.

Borel speaks out quite pitifully and directly in *Poverty* :

> ' Work, one believes no longer in miracles to come
> Work . . . Eh ! the poverty which howls about my ears,
> Smothering out all thought which rises in my breast !
> What answer yield to the strains of my lute? . . . I starve ! '†

In Petrus Borel's poetry and in the poetry of his faithful friend, Philothee O'Needy — whose talents were also stifled by government service — Miss Starkie points out strikingly apparent similarities to Baudelaire's later *Fleurs du Mal*. In all the uses of macabre symbols, in Satanism, in the feeling of horror for

*Translation by reviewer.
†Translation by reviewer.

the City, one sees the organic beginnings of Baudelaire's poetic aura.

I would think that Borel's prose realism and his preoccupation with outcasts also bore fruit in the naturalism of Zola and Mirbeau, and perhaps more distantly in the Russians. Here I cannot agree on 'the improbability of the plot' or that '*Champavert's* violence and pessimism are unexplained' in reference to the final story of his collection. It seems to me that the plot, described as that of the unhappy mistress who bears a child secretly and kills it to preserve her honor, is based on a real incident (not uncommon today — if one substitutes abortion for infanticide), and although the double suicide at the end may stretch the framework, that part of the poet's tirade against society which is quoted is well conceived in its wild irony and desperation. As O'Needy poetizes elsewhere in the book, 'The TRUTH is not beautiful / The TRUTH is not pleasant.'* Miss Starkie recaptures brilliantly the hysterical gaiety of Paris during the cholera plague of 1832. And in relation to the early Romantics' preoccupation with the macabre, it is well to remember that in spite of war and genocide, we have lost the daily realization of the pertinent imminence of death which hung over the disease-ridden and depopulated Europe of Metternich.

Petrus Borel's long novel, *Mme Putiphar*, based on the era of Mme de Pompadour, bears some resemblance to Laclos, but with the later complicated over-extensions of Sand and Sue. It was noted by only one critic who denounced it as 'obscene' and 'dangerous,' and compared it to De Sade (who appears in the book, praised as 'one of the greatest glories of France'). It would be interesting to consider these aspects of Satanism and 'obscenity' in French literature which constitutes a revolt against Catholicism.

In the hilarious description of the *Battle of Hernani* of Paris — 1830, one notices certain parallels to the Paris of the period after the first World War. This blazing youthful violence of Borel's revolt is re-echoed in Aragon's *The Red Front*. The riots of the Dadaists and their zestful assaults on the bourgeoisie resemble the outrageous behavior of the 'bouzingo' gang led by Borel. Cults arose. Women carried further the emancipation

*Translation by reviewer.

initiated by 'lionesses' like George Sand and Daniel Stern. Even the wide adoption of English upper class bad manners cited by Miss Starkie had an echo in the 1920s.

The less interesting part of Borel's life as colonization inspector in Algeria, and his difficulties with the corrupt bureaucracy of Napoleon III (Stendhal's 'most rascally of kings') is made clear and convincing. Miss Starkie's style is refreshingly free from dogmatic and didactic distortions. And she does not minimize Borel's high-handedness; his pride and excitability. But she notes that at Bled Toccaria during the plague, 'He built ovens to bake bread . . . he founded a dispensary, and even a school which soon counted eighty pupils. There were many saved by him, and Audin tells us of a family that holds the name of Borel in veneration because he had looked after their grandfather as an orphan child.'

O'Casey errs in his preference for the judgment of time, for time is only the servant of others; and knowledge of our real past through obscured figures like Petrus Borel depends on the industry of dedicated critical historians like Miss Starkie aided by the boldness and enterprise of publishers like New Directions. In the story of an ironmonger's son and heir to the French Revolution, gallant, intractable, embittered — whose crumbled promise served as nourishment to other, Miss Starkie has made not only a contribution to literary history, but to the record of human dignity.

— Adelaide Simon

Adelaide began to write more. She had two poems in Volume 1, Number 2 of Intersection (1953). The poems were "Love, the Bright Bird" and "Ancient Enemy." Her first article that appeared in Free Lanc Volume 4, Number 1 (1954) was about Hart Crane. She greatly admired the nineteenthcentury French schools of painting and poetry, and her review of a book on Petrus Borel is typical of her style. The review is reproduced in its entirety.

Casper Jordan became Chief Librarian at a univer in another part of that state. Helen Johnson Collin left Cleveland to head a library in California. The Free Lance editors remaining in Cleveland were Adelai and R. Atkins.

Having become co-editor of a"little magazine", Adelaide plunged into that operation with typical fervor. She corresponded with many writers: Brom Weber, Robert Graves, Van Wyck Brooks, Sean O'Casey, to name but a few. Her editing of poetry and prose followed the policy of Free Lance: judge a work as much as possible on what the author has attempted. Try not to impose one's own intentions on another's work. This, of course, is monumentally difficult to do. Like many of us, she sometimes failed. Even so, her criticism was never destructive. Her thougts were occupied with the state of poetry generally - especially in Cleveland.

Poetry here had been an insulated sewing-bee phenomenon for years. To the extent of its means, Free Lance tried to bring a less stodgy, less "officially" approved roster of "names" to audiences in Cleveland.

When Free Lance published its "psycho-visualism" theory in 1956-58, Adelaide had three poems in that 1958 issue: they were "Request," a foreboding, beautiful little work; "To the Last Generation," embodying her sentiments on war profiteering, "Program," and "This Hedge."

Many of Adelaide's reviews, comments, etc., reflected Free Lance's struggle to propagate a sort of literary atmosphere. She was particularly concerned about bookstores that exalted the hard-back book. Even as late as the '50s there were bookstores convinced that only hardback publication was really publication. Adelaide sprang into a "red sports car" (Falcon) and went from bookshop to bookshop to do battle with this concept. She found that poetry was absent even in hardback:

> There is no copy of...currently on sale in Cleveland. Great audiences! Get on your dying feet and demand some kind of ailment for the heart. Blast these fumed oak booksellers until they wilt and finally stock fine poetry. Or say that a distinguished imprint "naught availeth" and Midwestern taste is really going to hell in a handbasket. With the murder of three fine art galleries last month we begin to believe it.

Again in Free Lance Volume 10, Number 1 she jabbed at one of the relatives of conservative indifference, Censorship:

A large protest at the removal of half a dozen Epstein graphics from the powerful show at the May Co. These aggressive nudes illustrating Les Fleurs du Mal proved too much for the Cleveland "public." The same public that put skirts on the idols from New Guinea, it seems. Naturally, they were the better ones of the series. Back to 1857 again --

Adelaide's style was what she was a person, bright and intellectual. She was, in no major sense, a theorist: calculated objectivity was not a part of her value-system as a writer. Her grasp of philosophy, psychology and science was keen, but she had a woman's deference: a prevailing sense of these things belonging to the province of heavy, masculine intellectuality.

"Philosophical and scientific overtones escape me," she often remarked.

However, she eschewed the sentimentality that characterizes many female poets.

p o e m s b y

A D E L A I D E S I M O N

1 9 2 1 - 1 9 6 7

THIS HEDGE

This hedge
Which I refused so steadfastly to trim
Forms a retreat
For sparrows and for waxwings
Berried branches, cedar sparays complete
With unseasonable mites
Caught in the tangles
So in a closing season mates the need
of my firm laxness and their careless gre

PROGRAM

To have no other wanting than to feel
The autumn sun lie warm along my rump
To hear dull fruit-thuds on the dying law
Avoid the neighbors
Dream of food and music towards the dawn
Put ivy in the window when I please
A slow dumb sybarite Diogenes.

MUSEUM TOUR PIAZZETTA

Wild turf before those deserted palaces
might yield
Footprints of spitted bravos,
Byron's menagerie
And all the gay heels of Goldoni's ladies

Down the staircase as our island sinks
In a Venetian twilight
Toward vistaed marble Chirico'd out of sight
The Count, the owner's figure,
Dandies
crumbling thru
to night.

ESSENIN

Let them cry that his blood was splayed over
the steppes
and in hotel rooms.
And let them shout that he stole
and pissed on their drapes and
carpets
Posing in tails with gypsies
Raving his hate
of America
the Jews
The Commissar.
Crashing his image in pier glass,

In the crystal,
and white baroque Nice
palaces of ice.
Crying Isadora, Isadora
But on that sagging champagne breast no comfort

Earth, he was poet
and you sould have borne
Warmer his rustling stocks and mignonette
And locked your ores so deep in molten Urals
No man could forge a knife of his dispair.

ON STARTING TO WRITE POETRY AGAIN -
NOVEMBER 1962

I make this small gift to obscurity
And it is better
Said
Than all the battles of my lambent years
Now dulled deliberately.
Ordered aside for echoes of my own.

They all knew there was nothing
Nothing better
All those tears
Of night and morning shed
For them by Annabella
Claire's regrets
Fade in our ether like the trails of jets.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE - 1803

The amaryllis lilies Josephine brought up
From Martinique spike thru this winter's gloom.
Napoleon and his ministers range down
Malmaison's halls, not stopping at the bloom.
The scarlet roaring flames of flower heads
That shatter the pink damask and the white
Sheer muslin.

In a prison, while the tyrant strides
Praying of Empire, Toussaint in ankled mire
Longs for the sun and torched flamboyant trees.
All winter the Black Liberator lingers
Heartsick and cold, remembering flowers of fire
And freedom rocketing in Western skies
And this white prince who lies,
So when the spring sends out her first thin fingers,
He turns upon his cot, and coughs
And dies.

GARDENS 1

To reach the age where growing of a rose
Becomes of moment
Where time dips
And dives upon itself.

Recently I stript two whiplash walnut trees
For lack of space, and yet still more because
In twenty years I might see fruiting
But might not
Ever
Pleasure in green rinds and dark-stained hulls.

Now I feel an ache for grounds,
Immensities
To plant, to nurture, and to harvest thru
Sure rose, true fruits, and all the nutting trees.

SNOW

The ceremonial now has fallen twice today,
An unsought benison upon the poor.
It shrouds their awkward yards and alleyways,
The hoveled buildings that offend our gaze --
The city's rotting core.
Each crystal more beautifies.
Strange, they do not rush outside to raise
Their hands in the encircling storm
As Russian Peasants in an ancient portrait.
Here hungry only huddle where it's warm.
Cherishing fire in barrels, broken stoves.
Babies and kittens cry against the wind
Knowing that spring is very far behind.

Housing problems had already made a deep impression upon Adelaide. She had taken an examination in brokerage. To her surprise, a realty company offered her a job. At first, she went to work zestfully. The kids did not come home from school until four o'clock. Showing houses did not interfere with her home schedule. After a short satire on realtors appeared in Free Lance, she was abruptly dismissed. She joined another firm and sold houses in exclusive neighborhoods. But she was not attuned to the unscrupulousness of the realty business.

Suddenly, she made up her mind that she wanted to move from Miverton Rd. to Becket Rd., Shaker Heights.

"I need a place to work on my book," she said. "Martin needs a place to practice. I want him to play quartets -- he really wants to --."

Her daughters, Cecily and Celeste, had reached the exuberant age. A bigger house had become a necessity.

The Milverton Rd. place was relegated to the memorable past. It was a cozy bungalow, but it was all on one floor, had no basement or upstairs and had little closet space. It had a tiny kitchen squeezed off to the side of the front entrance; its bedrooms were in the back of the simplicity of a full living room. Outside, its touches of filigree, the backyard playhouse for the children, and the flurry of flowers that Adelaide had raised there add up to a delicate, wishful memory of things beginning, or a spectral recollection of things past. Even now, there is Adelaide about

it -- her casual, soft admonitions to the girls

4

The Becket Rd. house was a tremendous psychological relief for her in practical matters: the children were in the Shaker school system; above all, Martin could practice removed from the immediate whirl of distracting family activity. As for smaller difficulties, they loomed less large at the Becket house: her books had space (and they were accumulating), gardening ideas would have few obstacles, and the Free Lance files could be stored in an orderly way.

5

"Alone against adversity" struck a responsive chord in Adelaide. Her choice of causes, her aroused interest in lonely people suggest as much: Hart Crane against an obdurate father; Beatnik poets against authority; the struggle of "little magazines" to survive against overwhelming odds; political causes without much hope against reactionary bias.

So it is significant that after Henry Wallace's campaign (and the Socialist cause was a lonely one), her next big political undertaking -- campaigning for John F. Kennedy had this inherent appeal: A young man against impossible political odds. The overthrow of old political prejudices fired her idealism! Once again she joined the action of those who had taken up the

cudgel against dated bigotry and the hard Republican domination of Shaker Heights.

The Shaker Heights Democratic Club -- a lonely cause in Shaker -- had to oppose a rich, Republican solidarity riveted in Ohio. Adelaide, as Membership Secretary of S.D.C., drew up her physical resources and rang doorbells, attended meetings, wrote letters and had plug-in extension phones installed in the bedroom and sunroom, enabling her to mount her own individual forces. She was instrumental in helping to bring into being a small, congenial milieu for Kennedy in this Republican demesne.

When Kennedy was elected President, Adelaide breathed a sigh of relief and returned to her abiding interest, Hart Crane.

6

The annual soirees given by Free Lance began in 1954. The most memorable one of that day of Free Lance was in Adelaide's backyard on Milverton Rd. There were the trustees, the Free Lance editorial board (Mr. Jordan and Mrs. Collins had not yet left Cleveland) and the organizations members.

Adelaide brought out her high kitchen stool and her guitar. One of Free Lance's guests described her: "She had a profile much like a cameo." Adelaide sang folksongs. Her delivery had a touch of the nonchalant and a random smile. The tone seemed detached, lucid. She knew many folk numbers, but she sang a popular one unforgetabbly, "Molly Malone."

From this time on, the annual Free Lance parties contributed to the group's hope of a resuscitation for Cleveland's literary life. They also mirrored the subtle vicissitudes of an expanding consciousness in Cleveland, artistic and otherwise. The next memorable Free Lance party was on Becket in the summer of '59. This was a progressively younger, more excited group, foreshadowing the sixties. Folk singing continued on into the night. The discussion was livelier; there was more up-to-date thinking, more plans for "action" more dissent and debate.

In 1963, Adelaide and a neighbor, Mrs. Gladys Tiff, sponsored a Free Lance Summer Festival of Art in their adjoining backyard gardens. Friends from all over the city attended.

Adelaide sang a number of folksongs.

THE CRANE PAPERS

1

"This summer I resigned from business (real estate) at last to devote myself to my poetry and editing, and to further my interest in Hart Crane...to deepen and systematize my work on Crane without disrupting the slowly evolving conception of my book (which will be very advance guard), or the even slower evolvement of family finances," Adelaide explained in a letter.

There had been a dearth of respect for Hart Crane for reasons not altogether clear.

In spite of his work's appearance in auspicious anthologies, he was, in effect, still critically dismissed. The author of The Bridge was simply a name that one rarely heard discussed even though Crane's closest relatives lived here. Adelaide dedicated herself to the task of clearing away the conservative, provincial "black sheep" reputation that was held here along with the nobody-from-Cleveland-is-important attitude that prevailed occasionally. Some of the enthusiasm for Crane in Cleveland today owes its inception to Adelaide's ardor -- approximately fifteen years of it as co-editor of a strategically circulated magazine!

A sad fact is that some of her painstaking research was never set down. She, herself, was conscious of the amount of material that she kept memorized in relation to the lapsing of time. Like most writers, she deplored this. She may have set herself an impossible task in her desire to write a "definitive" biography and began to suspect that a sizable machinery was needed to bring all twelve years of her data together. In 1962 she applied for a Ford Foundation grant. Her application is, perhaps, the clearest account in her own words of what she had in mind:

October 25, 1962

...as a poet and little magazine editor gradually amassing material toward a book on Hart Crane, I have become painfully aware that no really systematic and comprehensive effort is being made to preserve memorabilia of the "Shelley of our time". The enclosed letter

points to typical information on Crane still available, but ignored by scholars in the field. Like the Crane-Harris letters I discovered and published years ago, these, the Crane-Bryan letters were being kept in all the safety of a bureau drawer, so I took them to Fenn College where they were photographed and facsimilies deposited in the new Poetry Archives.

In connection with my work on Crane I now propose:
1. To assemble a comprehensive collection of Crane's correspondence from every possible source without deletions and truncations present in the published collection and including a) all new letters discovered in the course of research and b) all possible letters received by Crane -- with a special attempt to record those of his father. 2. To assemble a complete collection of all manuscripts and variations of same, including those now under question, and including miscellaneous pieces published and unpublished. 3. To record and copy all photographs in possession of the family and others, and to take additional background pictures in Cleveland, Warren, Garretsville and points west. 4. To prepare an accurate and detailed chronology and genealogy. 5. To prepare a list of all books read by Crane. 6. To prepare a file of all poems and paintings "In Memoriam" to Crane.

The results of such a study properly filed, while not presently suited to publication, would provide a vast mine of material for future poets and scholars ... I have excluded the possibilities of personal interviews in Mexico or Europe, since work within the United States would provide the most effective use of the proposed assistance in the time available. I do have letters from Robert Graves and Phillipe Soupalt on Crane and intend to correspond with all others abroad.
With many thanks for your consideration,

Crane's poem, "Sunday Morning Apples", inspired Adelaide's first prose contribution to Free Lance (1954). The poem was dedicated to William Sommer, the Akron painter. We quote "Apples and Dust:"

APPLES AND DUST

Out toward Akron, around the hills of Boston, the Ohio countryside is parched this year. The sixty-foot cascade that falls off the road to Brandywine has shrunk to a slender trickle, and the grass everywhere is dey and brittle. Up the road by his deserted farm cottage, stands the small one-room schoolhouse that served William Sommer as a studio for over thirty years. The purple phlox that his wife once planted runs then and stunted under the trees, and her rosebushes lean lankly over the drive. Strangers are living in the handsome place over the rise that young Ed Sommer built for his bride many years ago.

Inside the boarded-up studio are scattered some remains of the old painter's possessions, gathering dust as legal complications grind on. In the closet: great stacks of The Dial, The Freeman, Bruno's Bohemia, and some Little Reviews. In the bookcase, remnants of his library: the Aphorisms of Stendhal (in German), Hofmannsthal's Frau ohne Schatten, Milton's Prose, Der Doppelganger by Dostoievski, the Levy edition of Nietzsche's works, and Stirner's The Ego and His Own. Critiques of Cubism, Expressionism, Rilke's Rodin; beautiful monographs on Carpaccio, Van Gogh, Japanese woodcarvings and on Hokusai - the old man who was mad about painting.

Dust covers the paintings that remain, stacked loosely against the walls. An jota of the works Sommer created in his long lifetime; most of it dating from his fiftieth year when his sons had grown up. An early portrait of his wife, reminiscent of Sloan, showing a shy reposeful beauty. A small study of a scotty dog sleeping in a window with gay canine nonchalance. A great poster-like painting of Indians dancing around a compfire. And one or two watercolors of the little boys he delighted to record, weltering in their ugliest expressions, accentuatedwith unrestrained splashes of greens, blues and purples. And the clean lines of country horses. Most of the beautiful scenes of pasture-land dispersed by now; given to friends, bought up by museums, or spirited away during the sprees of his last years.

On the trees outside, uncared for and gnarled, Bill's apples are still ripening. Not the mealy-sweet bitter-skinned brand of 'Delicious' apples that pile up on city newstands, but crisp, sweet, green-tinged apples to the taste of an Ohio farmer. The kind of fruit that Vachel Lindsay's sturdy mystic, Johnny Appleseed, sowed across the Ohio countryside.

These trees were blossoming in the April of 1921 when Hart Crant first visited the Sommer studio. Although the painter's young sketching

companions, Abel and Alex Warshawsky and William Zorach, had gone on to Paris to study, the place was never empty. And as a new group of young people began to gather there over weeks of Sundays, the fruitfulness and vitality of their exchanges may properly be called, in retrospect, the 'Cleveland Renaissance.'

The gathering was generally dominated by the bulky figure of an Akron farm boy named Fetzer who signed his novels and his column in the Beacon Journal as Jake Falstaff. Next to him sat his wife, Hazel Stevenson, also a writer. Along with them, another newspaperman and an art enthusiast, Bob Bordner. Then Sommer's fellow-worker, the quiet blond Norwegian non-conformist, Ernest Nelson (in whose memory Crane later wrote the beautiful elegy, 'Praise for an Urn.') And Sam Loveman, a reserved young poet, dreaming of Edgar Saltus' Greece and Rome. Perhaps occasionally, Hazel Collister Hutchinson, another poet, of a sensitive and delicate artistry, who brought news of the then-new Cleveland Playhouse. To complete the circle, the Swiss architect, Willy Lescaze; a young Russian librarian, Peter Keisogloff; and the skeptical, enthusiastic Charles of the correspondence.

Charles and the ebullient Willy Lescaze and Hart Crane would climb aboard the Akron trolley of a Sunday, hoisting along a jug of bootleg Italian or Jewish wine, and feeling as devilish as all-get-out. After the two or three-mile hike to Sommer's place, the latest paintings would be put on display as arguments grew hot and heavy. Talk in Ohio was inquiring, buoyant and robust. In contrast to the regal notions that channeled the soirees in Florence at Berenson's I Tatti, or Gertrude Stein's Paris salon. And without the need to defer to the genteel sentimentality of patronesses like the Harriets Monroe and Moody who reined in Chicago. Poets that congregated at Sommer's were thrown, sink or swim, into the main currents of American thought. However, the solid conviction of Sommer that art was 'timeless and international' and the wide range of interests in the Cleveland group softened any narrowing sectional or nationalistic outlooks, and the democratic mentorship of the older man guarded against the crippling effects of a cult rampant.

Crane's childhood memories may have included his father's portiere-draped figure miming Mansfield's Henry IV. But in William Sommer he found a man who had made the ingrained American passion

for rhetoric and oratory part of his daily expression. Passages of Goethe's Faust, Heine, Shakespeare flowed forth at the drop of a hat. The two would roar operas and symphonies at each other. Crane with a rather questionable vocal equipment, and the older man in a rich baritone. Crane soon rivalled the painter in expensive gestures, and uninhibited flights of self-expression. And his poetic talents ripened and flourished amid the shouts of laughter and approval that rang through the schoolhouse; and the talk that eddied and cascaded like the falls of Brandywine.

In contrast to the Chicago groups, the Cleveland constellation seems to have been more workmanlike in some respects. The extravagant practical jokes of lightweights like Hecht and Bodenheim were absent, and the preponderance of producing artists encouraged a general fruitfulness. The backbiting and the choking spirit of financial competition which mars many twentieth century intellectual gatherings never really sifted across the sunny windows of Sommer's studio. Perhaps it was the living fellowship that Crane and Sommer felt for Walt Whitman that held guardianship over the group. For they stood young, rebellious and romantic in a quixotic solidarity against the materialsim that whirled insistent siroccos about the Cleveland streets.

Willa Cather, Bauderlaire, Ouspensky and Brancusi. The flow of ideas and impressions fell from intoxicating heights. Along with his own work, Charles would bring poems from his

friends, James Daly, and the Pittsburgh dramatist, Haniel Long. Talk would turn to 'The Broom' under the incandescent leadership of Lola Ridge. Then Nelson and Sommer would begin on Nietzsche. The delegation from Akron, Jake and Helen and Bob Bordner, might hold forth on the latest from Mencken or Sinclair Lewis.

And of course it was out of this exuberant and turbulent flow of creative springs that Crane wrote his fine warm tribute to William Sommer in 'Sunday Morning Apples.'

It would not be accurate to identify Sommer with the benerable Alfred Stieglitz in New York, who was one of Crane's later idols. James Daly wrote to Charles (from Fuenterabbia, Spain, where he had gone to join James Stephens)' ...wish I had had one-tenth of his nerve in "cultivating" the "important" people.' The awful light had broken by then, and it is possible that Crane's friendship for Stieglitz and his group at '291' was conditioned by elements of a newer sophistication. Then, too, Stieglitz approached the mastery of a Dubeen at times in business acumen (fortunately for the fine painters he kept from literal starvation) while Sommer preserved a complete indifference to what he called 'the scramble for buttons' common to our age.

Sommer's days could be compared more fittingly in spirit to those of the old painter, John Butler Yeats. Sitting at Petitpas with the young companions of his day: Van Wyck Brooks, Alan Seeger, Robert Sneddon, and John and Dolly Sloan. Serene in the voluntary poverty which is the only enduring existence America offers to an artist in our century.

Of Bill Sommer's cherished young friends, the great sculptor, William Zorach, is still creating. But America's great poet, Hart Crane, destroyed himself in April, 1932 - according to contemporary newspaper accounts - in the belief that 'there is no place in the world today for poetry.' And on a summer day in June, 1949, tenants of his cottage found the old painter, himself, dead. Some beer bottles and cans of beans still untouched, his long youth over.

And as the years pass beyond midcentury, a dry, almost invincible neglect chokes over the spirit of the young poet and the old painter alike. And their apples ripen and fall off; rotting untasted in the tall parched grass.

—

Adelaide's fondness for Crane had its roots in more than his poetry: she believed that the circumstances of his childhood and hers were similar: both were raised in the "middle-class midwest:" both had difficult parents and both of their fathers were businessmen who achieved substantial financial success. But as we have implied, Adelaide was drawn to those who were in some sense "alone against adversity." She instinctively tried to provide a haven for them. She regarded herself as involved with those who had to make

a stand -- who would, by failing to do so, be he victimized by forces of injustice or forces within themselves. Crane, then, loomed as the acme of such individuals, victims of forces, unloved, driven to suicide, neglected.

Perhaps it could be said that Adelaide's life had taken final shape. Like most lives there were the dominant features and interests: these were, in her case, Martin and the kids, Hart Crane, Free Lance and flowers. Of these she created a comfortable, fond, generous world to which many would come. It is even to be wondered whether or not the biography --the Crane P pers -- did not mean more for her unfinished. She wove a beautiful fabric, a Crane mystique. And now that she could write and collect anecdotes, dates, noted and letters on Crane in some tranquil part of the house, she came face to face with the actual writing -- vacant paper in the typewriter, remorselessly blank, unfriendly, resistant. How would the exhilaration accompanying her thoughts of Crane survive through the drudgery of ink marks being placed one by one on white paper?

"If I can just get it down, " became her daily lament.

One of Free Lance's editors suggested that she had enough material to do two books on Crane, though, perhaps, not definitive ones. However, she felt that this had to be worthy of Crane:

One day, a large block of the Crane Papers took shape: a theory about the crossing

of the paths of two families -- the Harts and the Cranes -- based on sixteenth century events. She began with a brief description of the period:

"England was striking off the bonds of Rome, but Archbishop Whitgift had a long arm which struck in secret through Star Chamber and Privy Council and which desperately sought to silence poet and Puritan alike. "Nothing could satisfy the revenge of some Clergy-Men but cropt ears, slit noses, branded faces, whipt backs...

She follows the line of Stephen Hart, ancestor of Grace Hart:

...Archbishop Laud (a man more vicious and more ruthless than Whitgift) "the frim Wolf with privy jaw" stalked a "civil disobedient" of whom it was reported that "Not only did he preach on market days and Sunday afternoons, he strayed far from laws that bid him stick to the Catechism Creed and 10 Commandments... His name was Thomas Hooker and one of his trusted Deacons was Stephen Hart.

In the year 1632 Hart and his company voyaged to Boston, and, settling in "New-towne" helped to raise their "house for public worship with a bell on it." There they waited for the redoubtable Hooker. Meanwhile, Hooker had a narrow escape (from Archbishop Laud) at the home of a fellow minister. Hooker and his friends stole across the Downs and there boarded the Griffen. When all the fugitives and members of their loyal congregation were safely aboard... the Griffen sailed down the Thames. They set their faces toward the West (New World).

Hooker joined Stephen Hart and the party of his Braintree congregation in Boston, a

city of 3,000 colonists and of which only 300 had the right to vote, Hooker's public disapproval of this situation did not set well with the Governor there called "King Winthrop." Hooker, who had had his fill of cabal and unbridled dictators, called Stephen Hart and eleven others together and designated them "Adventurers" and had them strike Westward in search of a freer territory. Thus Stephen Hart cut out again through virgin forests along the river to "Ye Conightecute." High, high up hunting on Talcott Mountain he gazed down into the Farmington River Valley, a rich heritage for his sons. ,and...his eighth descendent, the poet of The Bridge...
1636

Hooker...and...followers set off westward to the spot discovered by Hart and his "Venturers." The village they founded was named for Stone's (a follower of Hooker) old English parish, Hertford, though family tradition still murmurs that it grew up at the spot where Hart discovered a shallow passage in "ye Conightecute" -- Hart's Ford."

Adelaide next traces the line of Henry Crane, ancestor of Clarence Crane, the poet's father:

"Another Connecticut man by the name of Henry Crane was known in Wethersfield as a farmer tanner and currier of leather. At the age of 28, Henry Crane, with his own group of "Venturers" set out through Connecticut forests to form a settlement at Hammonnassett Plantation, soon to be called Killingsworth.

Henry Crane served as self-educated schoolteacher, and captain Militia (guarding against King Phillip's Narragansetts and in-

vasions from New Haven) and served on a committee which determined the future of a school known later as Yale...He was elected commissioner of Killingsworth and served as representative to the general court of Connecticut for the last twenty-seven years of his life. Henry Crane married Concurrence Meigs whose sister, Trail Meigs, was the wife of Andrew Ward.

Henry Crane and Stephen Hart proppered, each in their respective times, the former having a family of nine children, and the latter seven. Both died leaving large estates.

Henry's widow expected the oldest son, John, to be appointed executor, but he died on the way home from an expedition against Canada; the second son, Theophilus, was appointed to distribute lands and goods. He bought out the old homestead and when he died in turn passed it on to his son John along with his gun, soward and half of his wearing apparel..."the other half of my apparel to my son Nathaniel ...my tract of land east of Orchard Meadow... my lot of salt meadow lying between the Neck and the Quarter."

Henry's grandson, John, took gun and sword into the war with Canada, first lieutenant in Captain Redfield's company, second Connecticut regiment. At his side marched his nephew, Sergeant Ezra Crane, the son of Nathaniel.

Sword and gun of John Crane were borne at Germantown, at Monmouth, at Stony Point, and a long, cold winter at Valley Forge. Nephew Ezra and his brother, Simeon, saw service against the British at Peekskill and along the Hudson. Ezra, a shoemaker, died in Vermont at the age of 93 and his son, Simeon, was great-great grandfather to the poet."

THE SIXTIES

1

The Beatnik movement began to dissolve in '60 and '61 and many transient poets began passing through Cleveland. Adelaide's enthusiasm reached its height. She revived and re-organized the Free Lance Workshop.

Where in Cleveland did the avant-garde meet? Where could the latest "little magazines" be found? Who had the far-out views on drugs, sex, civil di obedience, politics, the Vietnam war? Where could the burgeoning "New Left" express itself freely? Where were those who were "alone against adversity" welcome? Where were those who debunked overbearing authority, who attacked the status quo, who did not conform to protect hypocrisy? The reply to these questions was often the same in Cleveland: Free Lance at Adelaide's. Her revival of the Workshop was well-timed for the post '61 mood -- Civil Rights, the Kennedy administration and its Peace Corps!

Almost inadvertently, the workshop developed along the lines of a zany salon for pent-up poets, painters and dissidents with a legitimate distrust of the "establishment. "She wrote in "Books, " Vol. no. 11, 1964:

Our writers and poets are generally intellectual mavericks -- bound to no school or formula, experienced in slum dwelling, fascinated by science, disgusted by organized society. For amusement we hold readings for the natives, outdoor and indoor art festivals,

and lasagna luaus...We run disorganized Conestogas to New York, the West Coast, Carnegie international. Politically and philosophically diverse, we tender sporadic mutual aid. We take turns bunking d.a. levy, whose Renegade Press operates from the Simon basement like an apparition from Dostoevsky's Underground ...

The following piece of writing was dedicated to her co-editor. We quote it because it is, again, typically Adelaide:

The poetry of Russell Atkins...is one long strong elegant preoccupation with horror. Death, decay, lust, murder, abortion, addiction, necrophilia. Inexorably Gothic lyrics for a hurricane night with a new shudder that outpaces Williams and Baudelaire. Even his "Love Night" laces the tender story of Hero and Leander with sea-madness. "Of Angela" is a finely written saga of lust. "The Drop of Blood" distills music from Jealousy -- Adultery -- Murder. "The Exoneration" delivers a pomp and circumstance of police brutality with all the doom of a Piranesi etching. His poem "Four of a Fall" probes the poisens of drug addiction and the soul's decay. "The Abortionist" and "The Corpse" are two brief hysterically ghoulish shadow plays which would guarantee a stunning production for some liberated Grand Guignol.

...there is a great happiness in the new esprit de corps and companionship we have developed here. Russell escapes the occasional "schlagen." His subtle and benevolent influence is manifest I think in our infinite variety. In the searching latitude

of subject matter, in constant experiment with the use of words, of sounds alone and excitement of action and movement. All of this bombs out the tightness inerent in ultra-introspection and the rigidity of coterie codes.

Anyone seriously interested in permanent contributions to American music and letters should be familiar with the work of R... Elevations of rank belong to the future, but I feel he has evoked Evil with all the skill of a Hoffman, a Borel or a D'Aurevilly..."

Free Lance had first hand observations of the process by which social changes come to pass. The Kennedy youth of the years '60 through '63 had a bright, naive, liberal idealism which was slowly identifying itself with the Civil Rights movement -- its naive idealistic counterpart. For the first time, the Chief Executive seemed to be the living embodiment of all the values that had been trumpeted throughout American history. To realists, however, the events of November 22, 1963, were predictable: A young man who had succeeded against impossible political odds, lay, shattered- a decapitated figure as of those vacant, shadowy-afternoon public squares out of De Chirico. Like many others who had worked during his campaign, Adelaide felt deeply about it. She wrote, "The Night of Kennedy's Death:"

The numbness of the dark
And the dark mind
Against all that the soul forgives
Restores no spirit

Only the echoed laugh
In the fine wired willed
Identity
Binds us
restores us
and lives

Free Lance's workshop reflected the following modulations: Beatniks turned into Hippies; non-violence became "confrontation;" idealism became dissidence; drink was shelved for drugs; politics and suburbia became the "establishment;" Civil Rights metamorphosized into black power and nationalism.

Many times, Adelaide, herself, confessed to be at a loss in delineating just what had happened. She had an astute knowledge of historical changes and recognized the overall similarities in periods. These kids were "Le Petit Cenacle"[o] of today; the '60s version of the '20s" demonstrations were reminiscent of labor union days of strikes and disputes. She wasn't without misgivings in spite of these analogies. Should she encourage this? provide a haven? For example: Was a resistance to authority on behalf of "pot" as valid as resistance on behalf of Civil Rights? Adelaide admitted that she had no answers to give any body.

2

For four years the Becket Rd. workshop functioned as though in an aesthetic fever. At

[o]Enid Starkie, Petrus Borel (New Directions) p.26.

the meetings per se, members invented words when they talked; some disliked all speech; some made prints using a condom; some suddenly "psychovisualized" to "music" or at the piano while others played tapes of poets that they had recorded. Devotees of Scientology, Buddhism and Zen spoke respectively of the "Theta," the Bhagavad Gita or replied in koans. Many ran the gamut from art to sociology and politics while Adelaide, wearing her short blue pants, brought out day-old cakes and beer and newly arrived "little magazines." Celeste Simon, a young lady now, pounced on overbearing seriousness. Cecily, her sister, home awhile from the University of Michigan, told of new activist groups stirring on campus. She also mentioned marriage.

"We discussed," Adelaide said, "an old dream I had of issuing a local Manifesto. Something really crazy and serious in the tradition of the old Dada and Surrealist tracts. Our revised Free Lance workshop was meeting regularly, over half the poets were devoted to their crafts full time, and we felt it was the moment to show a little intellectual muscle to the world outside...By June 1st we had mailed out 200 copies to velle lettres outposts and little magazine buddies every where."

Contributors to the local Manifesto were: R. Atkins, Jau Billera, Russell Salamon, Kent Taylor, d.a. levy and Adelaide who described herself as having once shook hands with President Harding and as a "self made

rebel who writes poems of love, nature, and outrage...

Adelaide pictured the Cleveland "renaissance" city-wide in an article for Writers Forum:

"For the first time since Hart Crane and his friends read to Bill Sommer under the apples of Brandywine, Cleveland is pouring out poetry in vintage years. Of a night it is possible to leave Cleveland State U.'s Poetry Forum and hurry across the street to The Gate...for a jug band reading involving some twenty or thirty poets; then get a lift in somebody's car to University Circle to check the action at The Olive Tree and The Well ending up at a current hangout -- Adele's Lounge Bar. Both of the coffeehouses feature their own poetry recitals, combos, films and debate. The first Sunday of every month poets trail out to lower Shaker Heights for the Simons' Free Lance coke and cake workshops at Becket Rd.

...The Gate, a smoky candelit cellar in Trinity Cathedral where but a few of the poems-as-art set meet approval. Here Cleveland' most exciting open readings are held by the mimeo magazine crowd. These are real stomping shouting-out affairs. No bones are made about LSD and the Neo-American Church, and amid a few guffaws of unbeliever d.a. levy is deified by the high lamas of "consciousness" expansion" ...all compose a fast-action, experimental brand of poetry. A phrase "turned" is one with a four-letter word "catharsis."

Solemn Jim Lowell, owner of the only book store in Cleveland with a decent selection of contemporary poetry, holds down the corner table. He acts as Grand Lama to the nomadic wing of Cleveland poets from his Tibetan Cloister perched high in the gilded Old Arcade. Poets from Berkeley, Detroit Workshop, New York and Chicago hear of Cleveland's revivification and a arrive with flying notebooks full of Anti-Vietnam war peace poems, while Cleveland poets return the visits...

None of this would have achieved its present proportions without Cleveland's fifteen year old avant-garde influence, The Free Lance Magazine and Workshop...

Cleveland's "Open Readings" occur generally at The Gate, The Olive Tree and The Well... "Closed" i.e., special readings by individuals to selected audiences -- take place at Cleveland State U's Poetry Forum, Western Reserve U.'s Fine Arts Series, the Jewish Community Center's teen- age coffeehouse, and recently at Geneva-on-the-lake."

In November 1966, co-editors Atkins and Simon were asked to read at The Gate, mentioned above. The evening was under the guidance of d.a. levy and D. R. Wagner, a talented newcomer from Niagara Falls. The reading -- one maximum convocation of the city's leading avant-gardist -- marked the downfall of four

wild years of poetic activity. Wagner made a small testimonial statement about Adelaide's contribution, acknowledgment of her and Free Lance's importance to the scene.

True to form, she introduced her poem, "This poem on Yevtushenko is my statement for the poet today --."

(Undercover agents for the Subversive Squad, dressed up like Beatniks, switched on their bugging devices.)

She wrote later in a broadside, "Ironically when I gave this poem in an open reading at The Gate in November, I had no way of knowing that it was being recorded by the Cleveland police. The next day, under pressure, Trinity Cathedral padlocked The Gate to poets for good. Subsequently, the finest bookshop of contemporary poetry in the country Asphodel, was raided. Eight cartons of books were seized and the proprietor spent the night in jail to be released only on a $10,000 bond. The charge by the narcotics squad was "selling obscene poetry."

Her "walk-in" against the Metropolitan Housing Project's squalor, the Progressive Party's Socialist cause against the system," and her participation therein, her Kennedy campaign idealism, the revival of the Free Lance Workshop for Cleveland's avant-garde, all comprised a behavior and conscience that culminated in the esteem in which she was held by the leading, youthful, rebellious poets.

Now, a kind of dying out became the order of the day in Cleveland. Things of the spirit grew, perniciously, slow.

FLOWERS

1

When leaves began to change to September russet, an almost naive wonder would settle upon Adelaide as if she'd never seen any of it before. She could drive for hours far into Chagrin Valley where numerous embankments of golden trees and dying, luminously red foilage set up an autumnal exequy. She may be remembered driving back about sundown not too long ago enthused about some place that recalled an incident in Crane's life or about a scene, Inness-like, falling into view. With some persons these things have a secondary quality. With Adelaide there was a personality transfusion. Wildflowers, for example:

Wildflowers were her special endearments, and she would stop the car if she caught a glimpse of Jack-in-the-pulpit or Bluebells, Lady's slipper or violets, and make a note of the place. Her capacity for recognizing species of growth seemed remarkable. As if coming upon little fragments of emerald, ruby or sapphire or Topaz, she responded as to a treasure, noting pathways and planning to return for a thorough search during some season.

Even the intensity with which she converted the backyard of the Becket house into a Renoir -- a yellow and rouge of roses, tiger-lillies, geranium patches -- this intensity was abundantly tender.

She had been active in the Cleveland Rose Society and had received several first prizes.

"I'll be like Hole* and hear them talking to me," she said once after a day of weeding and stone-piling and digging, "Come before dark. See the garden. My American Beauties are out," she said, or, "Too late this year. They didn't last --," or, "There are a few remaining in the front -- the front yard is looking good. I'm tired though. It is real work --."

Gardening that summer of '66 had been different -- more exhausting. One day, suddenly, she sighed, "I don't feel up to the workshop. I don't have the energy to clean up the mess. My tummy is upset. Think the kids are able to go it alone?"

The coffeehouses were in full swing and not many noticed when she was not holding the workshop. Everyone believed that they had missed meetings. Actually, no meetings were held.

For a while, she recovered enough

*S. Reynolds Hole, A Book About Roses (London, Edward Arnold, 1907)

to read at The Gate, and afterwards, she devoted herself to the happiest plans of all: her daughter, Cecily, had decided to marry. Anxiety for that fulfillment entered Adelaide's voice.

She had won her battles against the malignancy of a childhood fate. She had cleared the outlandish weeds away that summer -- the kind of triumph that gentle souls enjoy. (She disliked growth that overran and suffocated splendid gardens.) The human body, too, evolves of cells, "buds", like plant life. Perhaps it is all one -- one continuous regeneration and degeneration of living substance.

The doctors decided not to tell Adelaide about the seriousness of her condition. They would wait. Her record against misfortune had been a good one. She was patched together. She looked well. She was permitted to leave the shrouded hospital. She came back to Martin, the girls, the garden, Free Lance and Crane's biography, and above all, she came back for the wedding.

The wedding was young, serious, and Champagne fresh, surrounded by all the hyacinth forsythia, primrose, mint and yellow dahlia that Adelaide had raised. The bride's gown glowed in the heat, pictures were snapped by family friends with cameras on all sides and Adelaide's cheerful smile appeared everywhere.

Two months followed. First, it was the heat, she thought. Then it was the hay

fever season and that always affected her breathing, she said. She needed an air conditioner, that was the trouble. At last, she needed oxygen. She couldn't breathe. It mystified her.

Adelaide had written in a strange moment a few years back, "Pardon me, my roses are burning and death is at the door."

That door was opened the last day of September, 1967 -- a White Rose against a languish of greys: the ultimate hour was the Red Rose with petals of fire: the rest is not roses, but wildflowers of memories everywhere.

If I have at times been too articulate
Shoving back custon
Raw against the sod
Remember me as valiant
Hard with grief and hate.
Try to forget
A silly pilgrim simple full of praise
Who sometimes let
The sweets of nature and the softened
days
Dull violence and rage against the State,
Spoil of the lowly
And the rape of God.

IN MEMORIAM

Adelaide was to us a dear friend, one who was, in a particularly delightful way both a blithe and ardent spirit. Her poetry was beautiful in its imagery and clearness of craftsmanship, but her letters are, to us, her most cherished legacy - so full of her love of the world around her, of art, and of life. This perhaps, is a long way of saying that we loved her then and we miss her now.

Hale and Juanita Smith

TO ADELAIDE -

A bit of Jade to unmesh
life's lifting dissonance
Through its charm upon the mind
its gloom dispells -
The best of fortune
without its ills
To your person little stone
instill!

Mrs. Gladys Tiff

ADEALIDE SIMON - A TRIBUTE -

"Not many people have grown a garden and written a book of poems." This remark that Adelaide Simon made to me a few months before her death has afforded me much comfort. In these two ways she felt fulfilled: she had indeed accomplished the two precious goals of her life. And in the simplicity of the statement, in its quiet tone and in its relevation of the capacity to cut through the trivia of living to the core, one finds the principles by which Adelaide lived. Quietly but unswervingly she pursued her own ideals; and her assessment of values was always right. She always rang clear as a bell. But never did she try to reform or to judge people who thought differently. Objectively, almost dispassionately, she would state her beliefs, but never would she push them upon others. Many times, in her presence, I would be reminded of Emerson's famous statement in Self-Reliance: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude". This is what Adelaide Simon could do. And yet she was not a "loner". Not only was she a successful wife and mother, she fought, in her calm, non-violent way, for the Civil Liberties Movement, for freedom of expression in avant garde literature and in all forms of daily life.

These are my memories of Adelaide Simon. She has left me - and many others - a legacy of great value. Hers was a rare spirit.

Sara Ruth Watson

ON ADELAIDE

I recall Adelaide as warm, kind, and gracious. She was quietly and at times subtly opinionated, and yet delighted in the individualism of her many friends.

A. Smith

Our acquaintance (by correspondence) dates back a great many years -- and I prized her friendship, holding her in very high regard for her many sacrifices in carrying on work which aided so many young writers. I don't think her selfless sincerity could be called in question by anyone. Her absence now will be directly felt by a great number of people. Some losses are more tragic than others -- and I feel the loss of her in one of these.

James Boyer May

She was a woman of care and a friend. We will miss her.

Jim Lowell

Adelaide Simon was calm. She loved sitting around, in the garden, in the house, reading, relaxing, talking, singing. She loved flowers and her garden. She loved good food, Chinese from the Hong Kong or Chung Wah. "Canolis" from the Italian deli or Crobo's, Babas au Rhum in a tin, corn beef from Sam and Jerry's. She was a wonderful cook.

She truly loved books and writers. She loved to talk about literature and would share her books. She introduced me to so many works -- Mirabeau, Flaubert, Stendhal. We would stay up late and talk for hours.

Slow, calm, unflustered -- and yet always thinking of womething unusual to DO - a visit to a race track, a tour of the flats at midnight, a drive out to Zoar, renting a boat on Lake Erie. She loved to see what the city looked like.

Adelaide liked young people and hoped to stay young by being with them. She hated snobs and could spot one a mile away. She was very gentle and a calm influence on those of us who were but a half generation younger but full of upset and fury.

We have our own back yard and garden now, and we love to work in it. We often think of Adelaide while we are relaxing there.

Harvey Wolfe

I remember her face, cameo-like, filled with refinement. I recall her gentleness of manner which always appeared to be a little at variance with her persuasiveness and strong commitments -- her following through on what she belived in. We miss her dedication to the arts.

Rebecca Schandler

We knew and thought of Adelaide Simon as a fine creative poet as well as mother of two charming daughters. Aside from this she was a source of never ending optimism for other artists, their source of inspiration. She always found time to hear their works, help get publication if possible and she made available opportunities for others to hear or read their works. She was a political activist concerned about the many social dilemmas facing our country -- taking part actively in organizations, groups and events to help the community solve some of its evils.

Donald White
Delores White

FOR ADELAIDE SIMON

when you died
i crossed your name off
and forgot

we were never very close

d.a. had not crossed your name
off his lists
he could not forget

and when d.a. died
i could not
cross him off

rjs

ELEGY
For Mrs. Adelaide Simon,
Poetess & Patroness

Peace does not fly on dove's wings
always
sometimes it comes harshly
crow backed
after a long, cancerous sickness
it was a peaceful night
that night
when she died
I heard of it
at the late Saturday night movies
expecting; not surprised
I was distressed
but continued the evening
for she was not close to me
just an acquitance
but later I kept a vigil in her honor
speeding her soul onto
its journey
that Fall night became
dawn
remembering
her last conversation
sith me
a week before
of art/poetry
her dedication was deep
through a lifetime
art us a way of life
not just a contrived artifice to
decorate

but seeps through the skin
into the very psyche
softening the callous
and opening the pores to life/love
giving peace even when the world
is at war.

While the dawn brightened to white light
the city shone
a copper cross on top of a Catholic church
reflecting
it was Sunday
so the city rumbled shyly
a city meshed in its own masculinity
that persecuted its poets
for attempting to sensitize
his spirit
a city that she dedicated her life to
with her flowers
her music
her poetry
a city whose poets were divided
at her death
with petty bickering
they used her for a scapegoat often
but she was above that
stronger than that
because of her poetry
her art
her love of art.

So Euterpe, Lyric Muse
I offer you a libation of milk and
honey to honor one of your dead.

Geoffrey A. Cook

adelaide simon

she did so much for
us
believing when there was
no one else
she gave her home ideas
books flowers food
herself

back in 63 & 64 when we
didn't know where to turn

but most of all was
her belief in what
we wrote

now her hart crane book
will never see light
the hart crane she glimpsed
in all of us
this is what i can't forget

my debt of memories

i hope the roses
miss her touch

Kent Taylor

SONG OF THE LADDER

Frost last night. But today
the sun is warm on my back
as I paint the eavestroughs. Winter
will soon be here. The leaves
are almost gone. I scoop them
from the gutters in handfuls. They curl
and crackle as I throw them to the wind.

Here on the ladder, I'm aware
of the wind and the sun. (The leaves
still fall from trees and skitter
across the rough roof-shingles
with a dry, scratching sound.)
The wind is over and under
and around me. Propped here, belly
against the rungs, I seem
to float in the wind.

I tease the leaves from the gutter
and the wind takes them. They go
tumbling, turning in the wind,
into my neighbor's yard. But I
am heavier, against the wind,
against the ladder. I lean
my head against the hard metal
of one of the uprights. It hums
a cold, monotonous tune.

Barriss Mills

the magic wheel
(for adelaide simon)

sitting on the sun
porch
staring at the piles
of poetry magazines
& the fucking roses
scratching
at the windowpane
in the wind
while
martin cuts away
my illusions
as he makes love
to his cello

how can i
remember that?
years later
adelaide?

did you reach
the other shore?

are you reborn
with yr flowers?

once again
a round hummel figurine
with yr leg lifted
pissing on the world

d.a. levy

ADELAIDE SIMON WAS MY FRIEND.

ADELAIDE SIMON WAS AN EDITOR
OF FREE LANCE MAGAZINE.

ADELAIDE SIMON WAS A POET.

ADELAIDE SIMON DIED OCTOBER 1, 1967.

ADELAIDE SIMON BELIEVED IN YOUNG
POETS AND YOUNG POETRY.

ADELAIDE SIMON DIED IN CLEVELAND.

ADELAIDE SIMON WAS MY FRIEND
AND SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT.

D.r. Wagner
(from "Moonstones 3"

FOR ADELAIDE

Of triste
accumulates.
This seems the reflective gallery end.
There's to be shut
and less than enough memories arrange!
My last a look to these before--
before time shall run out:
see once more with you these famous.
If brilliance fades,
or too much of the real
is abruptly unmade,
we pause long as we dare
dare only so long
Until seized by our fears!

There is already shut. Another entrance,
darkly Rothko, shall quite dissever
both our ways once and for all.
Bear with us, we, leaving you here
in a far corridor among Vermeer'd.

We are
to hasten with the world's blur
hasten with the world our
short stretch apart in quanta'd time:
Ancious about the distance:
the swift world's anxious about
-- somewhere: the outside spheres!
Scant urge to remember anybody:
that interferes!
(The human whirl obsesses
Cos. & Industries booming,
such going-places & successes?)

We pause as long as we dare:
dare only so long
     until --

And we who cannot be detained --
forgive us, absolve us of blame.

2

I would hold open such doors end
          -- such a place:
the length'd entrances open
and look not last but long remain
before time would be out for sure:
see more famous',d with you:
          We would stay: I
would have more time's delay
to have the world slow down
or wait for that short stretch
stretched apart in time: dare
dare even too long the fear
to which we've referred.

Too long, though, and that brief stretch
in things apart would close --
                    close upon us!
Would that avail much here
for that distal, 'ideal,' someplace
that anxiouses the world?
the going-places, the business,
the human whirl?

3

I depart you in the late gallery
that lones about spirits with rare.
Being driven firmly backwards
(toward de chirico's most "disturbing journey:")
and herewith all such passages,
chambers, corridors,
shut without a resound

dark stars beyond

When a triste-of
accumulates for me, someone
surely shall say:
"The swift world rages:
we pause only so long --
so long as we dare:
until we fear

Russell Atkins

paul breman limited publishers & booksellers

THE HERITAGE SERIES

of poetry books is devoted entirely to works by afro-american authors, is the oldest such series currently being produced - its early titles h long been out of print and are hard to obtain even secondhand

the very first title produced won the Grand Prix de la Poésie at the De Festival of Negro Arts in 1966 - the book in question was Robert Hayde A Ballad of Remembrance, published in 1962

last year the format and the outward appearance of the series was impro by the introduction of portrait-covers and a backpage full of biographi material - inside, the same high standards of production and the identi typography assure the continuity of the new series

currently available are volumes

5: Conrad Kent Rivers - The still voice of Harlem
the last volume of poetry by the young Chicago author who died only weeks before his book appeared, leaving a gap in black letters which other poet is likely to be able to fill

6: Russell Atkins - Heretofore
a chronological survey of the work of one of the most interesting ve experimenters now writing, the editor of Free Lance - [redacted]

scheduled for publication during 1969 and the early part of 1970 are se further titles (their actual order of appearance is still uncertain)

7: Lloyd Addison - (Umbra & other poems)
again a survey of work written over a period of about ten years - Um being the poem which provided the name for the now almost legendary writers' workshop initiated by Tom Dent and Calvin Hernton

8: Audre Lorde - (as yet untitled)
the second book of poetry by one of the best of that rather interesti generation of black women-poets which stretches from Mari Evans on do to Sonia Sanchez

9: Dudley Randall - Love you
a very personal collection of poems by the editor of Broadside Press the only other consistent series of black poets - living up to Hayden evaluation: 'his best work shows perceptiveness and good craftsmanshi

10:Ray Durem - Take no prisoners
the collected works of this California poet, the greatest forerunner the present revolution in black writing: his work dates between '52 '58, and he himself died in 1963 at the age of fifty

11:Harold Carrington - Drive suite
subtitled 'an idiom of Cecil Taylor', this astonishing long poem is t total verbalisation of the famous avant-garde pianist's music - writt more than five years ago, when very few people were even aware of Cec

12:Ishmael Reed - Catechism of d neoamerican hoodoo church
an intelligent, amusing, moving, intensely poetical appraisal of tren in American society and black reaction; the long title-poem will be p in a setting of other recent works which prove Reed's strength

13:Owen Dodson - The confession stone
an elaborate cycle of poems dealing with the life of Christ, in lette and fragments of diaries written by his family and immediate friends very down-to-earth but at the same time conveying a sense of mystery